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LITERARY.

Report of an adjudged law-case, not to be found in the books.

Shakespeare vs. The Author of Waverley

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

This day came on, before the Lord Chief Commissioner, Time, a trial, in which Shakespeare was pursuer, and the Author of Waverley defender. As the case excited considerable interest in the literary world, the court was unusually crowded. On the bench, beside the Judge, we observed Homer, Sophocles, Eschylus, and the laughter-loving Aristophanes. The Earls of Essex and Southampton, the munificent patrons of the bard of Avon, were present, and seemed to interest themselves much in the proceedings. The jury was composed partly of the gentlemen of former days, and partly of those of the present. Counsel for the pursuer, Lord Chancellor Bacon, &c.; for the defender, Dr. Dryasdust, Messrs. Gifford, Jeffrey, and the other celebrated names of the day. Among the various personages who crowded, or, we may say, *literarily* crammed the court, we observed, in a corner, the Author of the Curiosities of Literature, busily engaged taking notes, from whose papers the following account of the proceedings has been chiefly taken.

The points at issue were: Whether was the pursuer or defender the greater genius? and whether the defender, by his productions, had not innovated upon the fame of the pursuer?

An objection was made to the trial going forward, on the ground that the parties did not come before the court on an equal footing; in respect that the one was a writer of dramatic works, and the other of novels, or prose tales and histories; and that therefore a comparison could not properly be drawn between the two. But it was argued, that the two species of composition bore a close resemblance to each other. That both depicted natural incidents and manners, and both dealt in the passions, and feelings, and motives of humanity. That, in Shakespeare's

time, the spirit of the age, and the habits and tastes of the public, had, perhaps, an effect in directing his attention to dramatic works; that the spirit of chivalry, then in its height, made the people delight in tournaments, public shows, and theatrical spectacles: whereas now the sentiments of the public had changed, and their amusements were diverted into other channels. They still retain their taste for the spirit of such works, but their habits have become more domestic, more retired and sedentary, and their minds less enthusiastic, stirring, and chivalrous: they now prefer reading in their closets such works as the novels in question—where the dialogues are so interspersed with description, as to bring the scene in a pleasing manner before the fancy—to witnessing all the pomp and circumstance, and the action and expression of a mimic representation. That, under these circumstances, the Author of Waverley had but adapted his productions to the prevailing taste; and that it is probable, had he written in Shakespeare's time, his pieces would have assumed a similar form to his.

The objection was over-ruled, and Lord Bacon rose to open the case for the pursuer. He felt considerable diffidence, he said, considering the high merits of the subject, to appear before such a learned and venerable assembly as the champion of his celebrated client in the present case, more especially, as his pursuits and studies might seem to have lain in a different tract. "But I consider, my Lord," he continued, "that the man who unfortunately has not a relish for, or he who lets other occupations entirely alienate his taste from such productions, is deprived of many of the most delightful and exhilarating pleasures of a refined mind. I reflect with singular complacency on the many times, when, unbending my mind from severer studies, I have luxuriated on the vivid sallies of imagination, the touching pathos, the poignant wit, and pure morality, contained in the volumes of my illustrious client. I need scarcely enlarge on the fame of this celebrated author; he has received the united and enthusiastic admiration of his own countrymen, and of all those

of other countries who are capable of approaching his excellencies. It has been beautifully observed by one of his admirers, that if it should so happen that the race of men became extinct, a being of another species would have a sufficient idea of what human nature was, from Shakespeare's works alone. Every shade of character,—every amiable propensity,—every dark, gloomy, and turbulent passion, is portrayed with such singular truth and minuteness—

"Each range of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
Excesses saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And passing Time toil'd after him in vain!"

Thus has his name floated down the stream of public opinion, emblazoned by the applauding voice of successive ages,—without a rival, or even an approach of a competitor, till at last one has arisen, who, similarly gifted in many respects, treads close in his path, and in the eyes of many seems to proceed with equal foot-steps. Far be it from me to attempt to underrate the merits of the defender. I admire and honour his genius; but still that genius may be great, without being the greatest; he may shine a star of the first magnitude, without rivalling the sun in his splendour. In fertility and vigour of imagination, in felicity of painting to the life, in simple and natural pathos, and almost in humour and wit, he is little, if at all, inferior to his rival. He paints a variety of characters with true consistency and originality; so distinctly are they brought out, that we seem to recognise them as individuals, and in time come to reckon them in the list of our acquaintances. So far as he depicts, he does so with life, and the pictures please and amuse us. But we in vain look for those awfully-deep portraits of humanity, those sympathetic delineations of feeling, and gradual risings, insidious changes, and 'tempests and whirlwinds' of passion, coming so closely home to men's business and bosoms, which are to be found in Shakespeare. If we come to consider the language in which the respective authors clothe their ideas and descriptions, we will find an immense superiority on the side of the dramatist. There is an indescribable charm in the flow and harmony of measured lines, which much enhances the sentiments they express; together with a dignity and conciseness of expression, which prose can never equal, and never approach. Shakespeare's volumes teem with passages of beauty, in which are crowded and concentrated maxims, reflections, and turns of expression, which have become incorporated with our very thoughts, and which we borrow like a second language, on all occasions, either of seriousness or levity. His works can bear to be perused again and again, and always with renewed or additional pleasure."

The illustrious counsel, after observing

that it was almost needless to call any witnesses on the part of his client, although hosts of them were in attendance, concluded a learned and eloquent speech, by craving from the jury a verdict in his favour.

The counsel for the defender now rose. When the question was first agitated, he said, it was not with the view of making invidious comparisons. His client had not the presumption to attempt to be thought to excel the great master-spirit of his age, Shakespeare. The present discussion was forced upon him, and he hoped it would not be considered as arrogance on his part if he attempted to defend his client. Comparisons of all kinds, but especially of literary merit, were often very vague and inconclusive. Of two persons attempting the same walk, one might excel in qualifications of one kind, and one in another, and it was a matter of much nicety to adjust the balance between them. The noble and learned counsel on the other side, with much candour, had admitted, that in what must be considered the essentials of genius, the author of *Waverley* was little or nowise inferior to his great prototype—in imaginative power, in felicity of description, and in depth of feeling. That he had not portrayed many of the passions and feelings, which are most remarkable, and most prevalent in humanity, may perhaps be owing to the circumstance that Shakespeare lived before him. The great minds of the days that are past have seized upon the most striking and most important subjects, and have left little to their successors but imitation and amplification. There is no farther room to paint the workings of ambition, leading on to guilt and cruelty, after the characters of Macbeth and King Richard. Groundless jealousy, revenge, and the love of malice, purely for its own sake, are already depicted in Othello and Iago,—the melancholy wreck of a noble and sensitive mind in Hamlet,—and youthful passion in the loves of Romeo and Juliet. It may perhaps be said, that, striking out new paths, and seizing on incidents not obvious to the common eye, and therefore not suspected to exist, is a principal characteristic of genius. But human nature, though diversified, is not inexhaustible,—the general properties, and primitive passions and affections have already been sufficiently portrayed. The author of *Waverley* then, to be original, has to take these general passions of our nature and represent them when under peculiar circumstances, situations, and states of civilization; as is exemplified in the *Covenanters*, under the sway of religious enthusiasm—the Celts in a semi-barbarous state, &c. These characters, then, being peculiar, and confined to a sect or nation, though they may not be so generally or individually interesting, display not the less art and power

in their construction. In his historical characters, the Author of Waverley will bear an equal comparison with Shakespeare, in his truth of painting, and power of illustrating and amplifying the conceptions of history. In pathos, the history and trial of Effie Deans, the catastrophe of the Bride of Lammermoor, and several other passages, vie with the finest scenes of Shakespeare. The ludicrous humour of Bailie Jarvie has few counterparts in the pages of the other; and the cavalier, Dugald Dalgetty, need not be ashamed to shake hands with the sack-loving Sir John Falstaff. Rebecca in Ivanhoe, and the sisterly affection of Minna and Brenda in the Pirate, equal the most lovely creations of Shakespeare. In short, there would be no end to enumerating his various beauties; and we shall now proceed to bring forward proofs of the universal admiration in which the works of the defender are held.

Here a motley crowd of witnesses were examined, consisting of all ranks, degrees, ages, and professions,—old maids, bachelors, grave doctors, and philosophers—striplings and young misses, who all bore unequivocal testimony of the pleasure they had derived from the author's works. After these, Voltaire, and some others of his countrymen, his disciples, were brought forward, in order to give their opinion against the dramas of Shakespeare. But Voltaire's evidence was so contradictory, and so plainly showed that he was unacquainted with the spirit, and prejudiced against the plan of the author's works, as to render his testimony of no weight.

Here the pleadings closed, and the venerable Judge summed up the evidence in a clear and masterly manner. He left the decision entirely to the impartial verdict of the jury; and if they should give it in favour of the pursuer, in his opinion, it would rather be an honour than a disappointment for the Author of Waverley to be thought worthy of competing with the immortal Shakespeare.

The jury, after retiring for some time, gave a verdict in favour of the pursuer, on both issues.

SONNET—To Ezilda.

Gone! gone for ever!—'twas a glorious dream,
But it has past; and dimly, faintly now
Around my heart, and on my feverish brow,
The flickering rays of torturing memory gleam.
How beautiful, how bright, fair spirit, wert thou!
My madden'd soul's best, dearest, only theme;
All space was full of thee: grove, hill, and stream,
The cloud's light motion, and the wild wave's flow,
All spoke of thee, Ezilda! and, led on
By the dread power of passion's charmed rod,
For thee, enchantress! I forsook my God,
And hung my hopes around thy neck alone!
Yet thou hast flung them off! and we must part:
What but an early grave befits a broken heart?

H. G. B.

Alas, alas, I cannot choose but love him.

I have a dream upon my heart,
I cannot bid it quite depart,
Although I know that dream is one
That I should, like a serpent shun,
I know too well what Love will be,
To trust such guest to bide with me.

I have seen hearts well nigh to break,
I have looked on the faded cheek;
Many a sigh have I seen swelling
On lips where the red rose was dwelling:
All this sorrow mine will be,
If I let Love dwell with me.

The laugh, the lightest one of all
Amid the gayest festival,
I have known altered for the tear
Whose falling does not soothe, but sear:
Knowing this, it cannot be
That I will risk Love with me.

I have known the sweetest sleep
Changed to vigils that but weep;
I have known the careless eye
Hide the depth of agony:
This is what I feel will be
Mine when Love has breathed on me.

I have seen the broken heart
In its hopelessness depart;
Seen Life's brightest hopes but crave
Of their stars an early grave:
What sin on my soul can be,
That Love's spell is set on me?

Yet I feel that all in vain
Would I struggle with the chain
That upon my heart is set:
I may pine, but not forget;
Can it Love, and must it be,
One more victim found in me.

Yet that voice is in mine ear;
Would that it were not so clear;
Still, that look is as a spell,
With a power I may not quell.
Love, if thou my doom must be,
Find a mortal shaft for me.

All my heart can stoop to bear,
All Love's pain, and all Love's care,
To find that its own energies
Cannot to themselves suffice,
To feel another one can be
Doom and destiny to me.

Yet I love, and O! how well
Lip or look may never tell;
Never might my spirit brook
Others on its depths to look:
O, I would give worlds to be
Free, even as I once was free.

L. E. L.

THE CELL OF DEATH.

John Vartic, an accomplished and interesting young man, was executed for forgery, Nov. 11, 1817. After condemnation, he wrote upon the walls of his cell the following lines:

"Thou helpless wretch, whom justice calls
To breathe within these dreary walls—
Know, guilty man, this very cell
May be to thee the porch of hell.
Thy guilt confess'd, by God forgiven,
Mysterious change! it leads to Heaven.

THE ESSAYIST.

ON WINE.

IF the drunken divinity were really such as he is painted by his votaries, if the rosy bunch not only exhilarated but improved the appearance, if the potent draught not only inspired wit, but stimulated benevolence, I certainly should double my dose daily; but I have seen too many of my friends fall off prematurely from life, and fade and wither in its prime, from a too great indulgence in the pleasures of the bottle, to be deceived by the fervid descriptions of festivity. There is certainly a moment in the hour of conviviality most delicious, it is that, when confidence is inspired, and when friendship and brotherhood are moved up to the highest pitch, but the moment after may be fraught with peril—this circumstance makes me cry incessantly at the banquet,

Quo me Bacche rapis?—HORAT.

I do not add *tui plenum*. But whither indeed? might have said the young votaries of Bacchus, with whom I fell in accidentally in my travels. To what regretful lengths the consequences of the scene I witnessed might have led, it is fearful to think; I shall always rejoice at its happy termination; but before I go into detail, I must arrive regularly and methodically at the period and place (a thing which I do not always do), and I must conduct my reader politely by the hand with me.

On my arrival at ———, I fell into company with some spirited youths, whose years and habits were not exactly suited to mine, but who are worthy creatures, not yet arrived at the season of reflection. The bottle circulated so freely after dinner, that I thought prudent to slip out and to retire to my apartment. I at first took up a book, but my eyes grew very soon fatigued; the evening was calm, but there was a slight breeze that seemed to murmur through the atmosphere, and induced a pleasing melancholy; what would I have given for the mellifluous vocal strains which are heard in Italy; or the distant notes of the clarionet and flute ringing in a wood, or conveyed nearer and nearer to the enchanted ear on the water, that I might say with the unrivalled master of the passions, the immortal Shakspeare:—

“—————sitting on a bank,
The music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air”

My Æolian harp was in the room; I unpacked it, and enjoyed its soothing notes, those matchless sounds which Lord Byron has in a manner embodied, by describing a harmony—

“As when the winds and harp-strings meet.”

I had not long enjoyed the calm, like a gilded dream which the soft music flung over my senses, when a most harsh and discordant noise, and the jarring tones of riot and disturbance assailed my ears like a peal of thunder. I leaped from my seat, just as the waiter entered my apartment, and entreated me to come down stairs, for “the young gentlemen were going to kill each other.” I hastened to the spot. Imprecations, oaths, harsh epithets, breaking of glasses, and striking of tables, rose like a storm. “Throw him out of the window,” cried one;—“you shall answer for this with your life, sir,” vociferated another;—“my pistols are ready,” repeated the first momentary maniac: “one of us must fall,” added he;—“why to-morrow, sir?” resumed the second speaker; “now on the spot;” “separate them,” accented a fourth, almost breathless;—“take away their sabres,” screamed out the waiter. Here the table fell, and with it a mountain of glasses, the wine flowed on the floor, and looked like blood; one of the young men jumped over the wreck in order to seize his prey, but slipped and cut his hand with the fractured glass, and bled profusely; here oaths and imprecations swelled again; “curses on the table, the waiter, the villain, who gave me the lie!” “Oh my poor brother,” sobbed out the young man who was in the act of separating the two furious foes, and whose wine fever had now superinduced langour and dejection, followed by a flood of tears.

What a scene for a sober rational man to witness! what a pandemonium had this jovial circle turned to! Here were the worst of passions let loose, tilting and warring together; anger, hatred, revenge, cruelty, irreligion, madness and self-destruction. In the place of these (when I left the room,) mirth, harmony, love, friendship, disinterestedness, fun, frolic, and generosity were all afloat; hand was linked to hand, heart grappled to heart, wit ran its merry round, and universal benevolence seemed to glide on with the generous purple tide, extracted from the mellow grape. Now was the cup poisoned with bitterness, the potent draught had brought on delirium, whilst the fire kindled in youthful veins, seemed to engender death. One was hoarse with abuse, a second speechless with rage, another stamped like an incurable frantic, the last was sunk in despair! Of what damnable materials must that fluid be composed, that could work such extensive and powerful mischief; yet it was from its excess and abuse, not from its use, that these deadly effects flowed.

I had no small difficulty in separating the combatants, aided by the waiter and the youth who was melted and subdued by wine;

it was not without some danger that I put a stop to that state of things, of which it might be said

"----- contention like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him."

I had to throw myself between the hostile parties, to soothe, to flatter, to promise to return, to dissemble, to reproach; nay, even to pretend to enter into the feelings of these madmen, and, on getting possession of their arms, to assure them that I would go out with them in the morning. What an inhuman night for them to pass! restless and inflamed, or seemingly dead and subdued by the weight of intoxication; the light of reason, man's chief boast, extinguished for the time, and man, the image of his Lord and Maker, degraded below the brute creation! What an awakening for gentlemen and friends! Sorrow, regret, alarm, and murderous purpose, all contending for exclusive dominion in their minds. But I was early at the bedside of each, and, by the most conciliating conduct and gentle expressions of which I was master, by changing the cruel features of the case, glossing over high provocation, explaining away intended insults, softening coarse epithets and base expressions, and by reminding each of the former friendship and intimacy of all, added to the assurance of my conviction, that the opposite parties were equally brave and incapable of giving offence, or of departing from the lines and limits of gentlemanlike behaviour, I finally succeeded in effecting a cordial, sincere, and unqualified reconciliation, with no *arrière pensee*, no acid reminiscence, and with a manly shame for the past, and a warm assurance of more prudence for the future. I did not fail to hint how scandalous such affairs were on the continent, how much all the polished part of Europe considered inebriety as the vice of the lowest of the low, and concluded by laying great blame on the liquor itself, which was a *palatable* remark to my young friends. But what was the mighty cause of this total dereliction of all the duties of humanity? a dispute about filling a bumper to a silly toast, an assertion that it was overflowing, a counter assertion that there was *dry-light* in the glass, a peremptory order to *bathe the brim*, a stubborn refusal to obey; an observation that such conduct was not like that of a gentleman, a sneering taunt or provocative to repeat those words again, a surly repetition, accented without reflection, the lie given and a call for slaughter. Is it possible for any thing to be more irrational, more transgressive of all the laws of order and decorum?

When I recollect the different effects which I have seen liquor produce on divers

individuals, from the years of my being at college to my present wintry season, the excess of passion in some, the rage for gaming in others, the taste for destruction (windows, glasses, scattering of money included,) in one man, the proneness to offensive language and pugilism in another, the morbid disgusting appearance of a third, the ungovernable wildness of a fourth, added to the loss of power, mind, and expression, the torpor of somnolency, and all the long train of other evils, I am induced to think that liquor, like medicine which is designed to revive and comfort, to remove debility and to banish low spirits, must possess infinitely more deleterious compounds and bad qualities than we are aware of; that one ingredient produces sickness and *nausea*; another brings on stupidity and sleep; that the acid of a third makes men cross and disputative; and the alcohol of a fourth creates fever and insanity; some receive slow poison in the cup; others are speedily drugged to madness. These reflections are enough to make a weak man become a water drinker all at once; but he who knows how to govern his appetites, will distinguish betwixt the use and the abuse of benefits.

A MAID TO HER LOVER.

By Procter.

Where's the ring I gave to thee,
Juan, when our love was young,
And I upon thy bosom clung
With all a girl's credulity?

In the narrow circlet lay
An emblem as I thought (ere fears
And doubt sprung up in after years)
Of endless love that mock'd decay.

And its golden round contained
For gentle hearts a silent spell,
Within whose magic we might dwell,
I hoped, as long as life remained.

And am I then forgot by you?
Oh! then send back the idle token,
For rings are nought when vows are broken,
And useless all while love is true.

LOVE.

Where is the heart that has not bow'd
A slave, eternal Love, to thee:

Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,
And is there one among them free?
The cold, the proud,—oh! love has turn'd
The marble till with fire it burn'd;
The gay, the young—alas that they
Should ever bend beneath thy sway!
Look on the cheek the rose might own,
The smile around like sunshine thrown;
The rose, the smile, alike are thine,
To fade and darken at thy shrine.

And what must love be in a heart
All passion's fiery depths concealing,
Which has in its minutest part
More than another's whole of feeling?

FOR THE
NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE.

TALES FROM CROSSBASKET.

By Francis Topic.

THE BRIDAL EVE.

(Continued.)

WHEN Helen entered the cottage, the watchful mother, careful of her daughter's peace, questioned her: "Where have you been, Helen?" said she. "I must inquire, for your cheek is flushed, a tremor is spreading through your whole frame, your eyes are beaming with tears—though not of sorrow, and there is something in your air that bespeaks your mind full. Have you something to tell me? I know you have. Where have you been?"

"I have been taking a walk with Donald Campbell along the shore."

"What did he say?"

"That he was going to leave us to-morrow."

"You do not seem sorry: did he tell you aught to make you happy?"

"Yes—he asked me if I would be—but, do not question me more, mother; I cannot speak all he said." She replied thus, and blushing, turned her head away.

The skilful eye of the mother watched her daughter, and in her voice and gesture read all that Helen could have spoken.—Yet, not satisfied with that, she said, "You do not mean to leave us too, Helen? You are my only child; think you not, I would be lonely and comfortless without you?"

"I told him that, mother—but he will speak for himself."

"Perhaps you do not love him, Helen, and told him so."

"No, no, mother; you taught me never to speak what my heart did not feel; and I could not but respect him whom you have cherished so much, and praised so often."

"Yes, my dear Helen, of all the village lads, he is my favorite, and I would rather see you wed him, than the proud Duke himself. His parents have shown him a good example, and will leave him a good name."

"But, I cannot leave thee, mother," said Helen: "he will live far over on the other shore; and were I gone, you would have none to help or comfort you. When he is gone, I can love him with a sister's love, as I have always done, and still be your daughter."

"To see you, Helen," spoke the affectionate mother, "happy with Donald, will compensate for every loss: let me tell you now, what I could not before, that my fondest anticipations have been to see you his wife, and when you are, I have nothing more in this world to wish for. O! how of-

ten have his parents and we, even when you were lisping infants, spoken of this, and looked upon you as two sweet roses ripening on one stem, and marked you budding into worth and loveliness. If you think of my peace, if the happiness of your old parents weigh with you, Helen, you will marry Donald."

The earnest and affectionate tone in which the mother spoke, touched Helen to the heart: to think how strongly her own soul was knit with Donald's, and to know how much the "old folks" desired the match, produced feelings which she could not command, and the mother mingled her tears of joy with the daughter's.

The father was now heard on the threshold, and, as he raised the latch, Helen darted to her own apartment, and spent the night in all the dreams such happy love could inspire.

The old man entered with joyful step and smiling face: he had spent the evening with Donald's parents, and there had heard the happy news which Helen had just told. This was an era in their lives, gladder and brighter than the hour they were betrothed themselves, and it exceeds my power of description to do their feelings the justice they deserve.

The morning came—and the hour of departure approached. Donald stole a moment to tell his Helen how soon he would return, and to beg her to fix the bridal day at an early period. She spoke not, but bound around his tartan black-plumed bonnet a braid of her flaxen ringlets, and her expressive eyes told what her tongue could not, "wear it for my sake."

His dog Towler, that noble animal, as if he knew Helen was intended for his future mistress, which before had kept at a distance, now advanced, and fawned about the lovely girl, scarce less lovely than his master. He was a brave dog, and showed signs of feeling and of knowledge, and had performed exploits, that would have told well in "L'Histoire des chiens celebres."

Lord John was on the pier, where the wherry was moored, with his lovely wife and his retinue. Donald could not delay; he circled Helen's finger with a ring, and pressed her to his breast. A murmur of 'farewell,' was heard from Helen's voice of music, and a tear sat like a diamond on her now wan cheek. Donald saw her emotion, and breathed out a word of comfort: he turned and brushed away a tear which stained his manliness, and his look spoke what the congenial soul could well interpret—he snatched a kiss, and hurried to the shore.

Helen, with grief and loneliness of heart saw the villagers assembled around the wherry, but her feelings being so different from theirs, she could not mingle with the

careless farewells of the multitude her sighs. There is a feeling in the virtuous, which holds the latest farewell, the last sigh and parting look of the beloved, so sacred and so valuable, they cannot brook to have the callous gaze on them, fearful lest they might be robbed of half its luxury.

The wherry now spread her sails before a prosperous breeze, and gallantly braved the billows. Many a blessing was asked for the voyagers, and many a lip kissed the hand which was outstretched as if to send a protecting charm to them. Towler, the faithful animal, was seen to cast a look behind, and seemed to know, with as much consciousness as his master, that he was leaving the "bonny Argentine."

The wherry, as she bounded away, grew smaller and smaller in the distance: now no living thing could be discerned in her—the hull seemed buried in the Loch, for her bark-stained sails were all that were seen above the blue water. The villagers still gazed, and the "old folks" were not the most callous spectators of the scene."

Now a something was seen just at the point of Kosneath, on which the sunbeams shone bright, and gave it the appearance of an evening golden cloud: it was the brown sail—in an instant it rounded the point, and was seen no more!

The villagers one by one dropped off to their cots, to their nets, or to their fields, and all was deserted and quiet, where an hour before so many were collected with anxious looks and heaving breasts.

[To be continued.]

AN INVOCATION.

By Procter.

If, at this dim and silent hour,
Spirits have a power
To wander from their homes of light,
And on the winds of night
To come, and to a human eye
Stand visible, like mortality—

Come thou, the lost Marcella, thou—
And on thy sunny brow
Bear all thy beauty as of old,
For I dare behold
Whatever sights sublime there be,
So I may once more look on thee.

Or be thou like a demon thing,
Or shadow hovering,
Or like the bloody shapes that come
With torch and sound of drum,
Scaring the warrior's slumbers, I
Will welcome thee, and wish thee nigh.

And I would talk of the famous brave,
Of the dead, and their house the grave,
And feel its wondrous silentness,
And pity those whom none may bless,
And see how far the gaping tomb
Stretches its spectral arms, and hear my doom.

And I would know how long they lie
On their dark beds who die,

And if they feel, or joy, or weep,
Or ever dare to sleep
In that strange land of shadows. Thou
Whom I do call, come hither—now.

But there thou art, a radiant spirit,
And dost inherit
Earlier than others thy blue home,
And art free to roam
Like a visiting beam, from star to star,
And shed thy smiles from skies afar.

Then, soft and gentle beauty, be
Still like a star to me;
And I will ever turn at night
Unto thy soothing light,
And fancy, while before thine eyes,
I am full in the smile of Paradise.

New-York Literary Gazette.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—Those who are in the habit of observing the proceedings of our courts of law, have remarked the wonderful increase of suits for breach of promise of marriage within the last few years. One would think that all the gentlemen on the continent, black and white, had forsworn constancy, and set up for dear deceivers.—It is not long since a suit was brought in a northern county, by a lady of colour named Dinah, against a dashing Guinea gallant, ycleped Cæsar, for winning her innocent affections, and then dancing away to the tune of

"When I loved you, I can't but allow

"I had many an exquisite minute:

"But the scorn that I feel for you now,

"Hath even more luxury in it."

Dinah, it seems, was a romantic and melancholy charmer—the hue of her imagination was dark and sable as that of her face, and many a languid smile did she waste upon the insensate youth,

"Whom but to see was to admire."

Cæsar, however, like his namesake the immortal Roman, was a man of the world, a man whose pleasure was

"To sport an hour with beauty's chain,

"Then throw it idly by."

and Cæsar left poor Dinah to pine in solitude, and to sigh over the faithlessness and perfidy of man. But Dinah was none of your tender lilies, to droop and die in the shade—she was a spirited nettle, as Mr. Cæsar soon learned, when the man of the law saluted him with a "Dei gratia," and a tip on his left shoulder: and a verdict of five dollars damages, and six cents costs, taught him, to his utter horror, that an affectionate heart was not to be trifled with.

To be serious, this mercenary system of extracting money out of private events, ought to be discountenanced. No delicate woman would ever think of taking such revenge—no proud woman would ever stoop to accept a purse of gold as an equivalent for wounded feelings—and no woman worthy of being loved, would ever obtrude her name before the public, to punish a dissembler and deserter. If a man, after gaining the affections of a woman, deserts her *without just cause*, if she has done nothing to deceive and to disgust him, if she be really the same to him on intimate acquaintance that she seemed to be in the first days of passion and admiration, then, if he arbitrarily and causelessly forsakes her, let him be left to the goadings of his conscience, and the stings of his own self-inflicted dishonour. But we believe that in many an instance the defendant in such actions has suffered unmerited opprobrium of character, and unmerciful taxation of purse. Be it understood that we do not justify wanton and unprovoked violations of marriage engagements: there should be no bounds to the shame and infamy of those who sport with feelings which are allied to all that is pure and noble and exalted in the character of the human heart. But are there never just grounds for either party to dissolve an engagement? are there, at least, no palliating circumstances? They who have mixed much in society, well know that every thing presents itself under a mask, that ingenuousness and transparency of character are as rare as the blossoming of the aloe, and that a bright exterior often covers a foul and degraded heart. But does a young man, starting with headlong speed on the course of life, with warm enthusiasm, high passions, and generous confidence, know this melancholy truth? Nay, will he believe it from the lips of gray-headed wisdom, when the rosy lips of youthful beauty are smiling upon him? Never: he must learn by his own experience, that "all that glistens is not gold," and that beautiful features and attractive manners may be co-existent with ungenerous feelings and evil passions.

We must be guarded in our remarks, or we shall have all the fair brows in the land fixed upon us frowningly. We do not mean that personal beauty is an index of mental deformity—by no means—it naturally indi-

cates the reverse of this: but flattery and obsequious attentions, if excessive on the part of man, may sadly alter a character that nature formed for noble purposes.

Now, has it never happened that the young and inexperienced have been fascinated by a fair exterior, and have been deceived with regard to the real character? Has it never happened that subsequent circumstances have forced upon them the unwelcome truth, that the very being whom they had believed to be possessed of the best and purest emotions, was selfish, disingenuous, and hypocritical? And if so, must they sacrifice the peace and welfare of their whole lives to a contract founded on deception, or bear the alternative of being dragged before the public, stigmatized with every epithet of shame and reproach, and ruined in their fortunes and expectations? Surely, this is not justice.

The promise of an honourable man given to an honourable woman, is a sacred obligation; even if admiration should languish, and affection should falter, he would never dare to incur *his own* displeasure, by offending his own sense of honour. In some instances, this sense is carried to a fastidious excess; but if this be a fault, it is the fault of a noble mind.

But does a jury ever take into consideration the circumstances to which we have alluded? Can they, from the nature of things, obtain clear ideas on the subject? No—there are witnesses always at hand to prove an engagement, but there can be none to prove that one party has detected insincerity in the other—the defendant himself can be the only witness, and the testimony of the most upright man on earth is never admitted in his own behalf, by distrustful and suspicious *Justice*.

We have been led to make these observations from having noticed repeatedly in the journals of the day, statements of trials for breach of promise, in which the damages have at times been excessive. But certainly the friends of a sensitive and delicate female might find some other means of punishing a wretch who *causelessly* forsakes her, than the picking of his pocket. If a man be really guilty of such baseness, the vengeance is too slight and too cheap—if he be

innocent, it is by far too dear, and the consequences are inevitably injurious to both parties.

The North American Review. Article, Lord Byron's character and writings.

We do not know to whose pen the public are indebted for this extraordinary article of fifty-nine pages, nor do we care who the writer may be; but we must express our regret and surprise, that such a production should find a place in the *North American Review*. Byron is in his grave, and there the spirit of persecution and misrepresentation should let him rest.

Since Lord Byron's decease, his memory has been frequently assailed; and although a few have dared to accredit to him some good qualities, yet it is to be feared that no reasonings and no arguments on the part of liberal men, can at present rescue the *personal* character of this injured man from the ungenerous and wanton calumnies by which it has been asspersed. The community is still blinded by passions and prejudices, which are unceasingly fomented by the artful and the malignant. That Lord Byron was guilty of many an error, that his spirit at times was sceptical on subjects that should always be approached with awe and reverence, that he was not perfection, either in conduct or in principle—all these truths are freely admitted. It is an observation of a French writer, (Voltaire, if our recollection does not deceive us) that "great talents rarely exist, unaccompanied by great faults," and that "les erreurs les plus monstrueuses ont toujours été la production des plus grands génies." That this remark is peculiarly applicable to Lord Byron, we are free to allow; yet we cannot perceive the justice of harping eternally on his faults, and overlooking the great virtues that were a component part of his nature. It would seem that whenever genius is arraigned before a worldly tribunal, meek-eyed charity abandons the human breast in despair, and that every malign and intolerant passion guides the reins of opinion.

For Lord Byron's scepticism on matters of religious belief, we offer no apology and no exculpation—that he doubted the divinity of that pure and sublime creed which alleviates the agonies of life, and divests the grave of its horrors, his best friends must

acknowledge, and lament; but that he was a confirmed, decided and unalterable infidel, his most intolerant foes will find their inability to prove. If he doubted the Christian faith, he equally doubted the dogmas of unprincipled and abandoned infidelity; and before his troubled and unquiet thoughts had time to subside into a decided system, he was struck down by mysterious fate, in the prime of his existence, and in the noon-light of his glory.

There is a spirit of religion in all great minds. The fire of genius is naturally a pure flame, and if at times it hath shone with unholy light, and scorched and consumed what it should have warmed and vivified, it is because the world has polluted its purity, and perverted its purposes. Let the world then be more charitable in its judgments of erring greatness, and let not frail mortality thus impiously take in its hands the vengeance of Omnipotence, to gratify its own blind rage and insatiable hatred.

Lord Byron's enemies would fain make us believe that he was a thorough demon of darkness, without a single redeeming trait of character—that he was a heartless libertine, and a confirmed infidel. Now, let us test the propriety of these epithets; let us see whether this sceptic on subjects of faith, was not as fully a sceptic with respect to vain and hardened infidelity.

"Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrines of the sadducee,
And sophists madly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light,
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more."

Childe Harold

Tell us, ye generous and benignant inquirers, who sit in judgment on the memory of Byron, ye self-constituted avengers, whose immaculate purity is beyond a doubt, do these lines betray the *confirmed* infidel?

Again—

"This clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts as if to break the link
That keeps us from you heaven that woe us to its
brink."

Childe Harold.

"Before the Chastener humbly let me bow
O'er hearts divided, and o'er hopes destroyed."

Childe Harold.

"The Archangel's trump, not glory's, must awake
Those whom they thirst for"

Childe Harold.

"And when at length the mind shall be all free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm—
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought, the spirit of each spot,
Of which e'en now at times I share the immortal lot?"

Childe Harold.

" But let me quit man's works, again to read
His Maker's spread around me "

Childe Harold

Is this the language of the callous infidel,
who denies his God, and whose creed is *an-*
ihilation? Again—

" Yet peace be with their ashes—for by them
If merited, the *penalty is paid*—
It is not *ours to judge*, far less condemn—
The hour must come when such things shall be made
Known unto all, or hope and dread allayed
By slumber on one pillow, in the dust,
Which thus much we are sure must lie decayed ;
And when it shall revive, *as is our trust*.
"Twill be to be forgiven, or *suffer what is just* "

Childe Harold.

Do these lines breathe the "horrid hope"
that the grave is the abode of eternal sleep,
or the confidence that the dust shall be raised
at the period of judgment?

" The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray,
And more beloved existence."

Childe Harold

" If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die—
It hath no flatterers, vanity can give
No hollow aid—alone, *man with his God must strive* "

Childe Harold

" I speak not of man's creeds—they rest between
Man and his Maker "

Childe Harold

" Satan chose the wilderness for the temptation of
our Saviour "

Note 17th to Canto 4th of Harold

" It is to be recollected that the most beautiful and
impressive doctrines of the *divine founder of Christianity*,
were delivered not in the temple, but on the mount "

Note 20th Canto 3d of Harold

We again ask, what is the spirit of all
these extracts? Is it that of one upon
whose heart the cold drops of doubt have
fallen, until they have worn away all faith
and all principle? If not, how happens it
that all the Goules who have been satiating
their rapacious appetite on the departed By-
ron, have completely overlooked them?—
Much as they may marvel at the circum-
stance, we can assure them that the noble
poet actually wrote all these, and many
more sentences, fraught with the purest mor-
ality; and it were but fair to array them
in opposition to the exceptionable part of
his writings—but

" The evil that men do, lives after them—
The good is oft interred with their bones."

And this great and gifted genius must share
the common lot of having his merits forgot-
ten, and his misdeeds piled in black columns
above his grave.

And now as to his personal character.—
We deem it unnecessary to expose the
froward and vulgar vituperations of Robert
Walsh, jr. of the National Gazette, against
Byron; for Robert Walsh, jr. is as narrow-
minded and opinionated as any hypercritic

that ever inflicted prosing and dull invective
upon genius, since the day of Zoilus. In
due time we shall canvass *his pretensions*,
not political, but literary; meanwhile, let
him enjoy his fast-waning consequence, in
the consolatory idea, that all the editors in
America stand in awe of his colossal pow-
ers: he is not the first Colossus that was
formed of *brass*.

One of the most prominent charges ad-
vanced by the enemies of Byron, is his
quarrel with his wife. Courtesy might in-
duce us to pass by her ladyship in silence;
but stern truth obliges us to declare, that
from all the information which we have ga-
thered about her, she was unworthy the af-
fection of a high and spirited man. She
married him not on the impulse of love,
but on that of ambition; and led away by
shallow vanity and the jealousy of a weak
mind, she poisoned his happiness, and exiled
him from his country, placing more confi-
dence in the assertions of a low-born and
artful dependant, than in the haughty and
unyielding honour of a man who was too
proud to be insincere. Had Byron been
differently wedded, how different would his
fate have been—but the melancholy history
of his broken affections, impressively enfor-
ces the truth which he utters in Harold—

" Few, none, find what they love, or could have
loved."

That he had in his heart all the capabilities
for generous confidence and exalted love,
none will doubt who know the inseparability
of high genius and noble passions; and had
he found such a wife as his friend the de-
ceased Shelley found, he would not have
wandered from his ancestral hall, to meet a
premature death in the land of the stranger.

On the day of Lord Byron's decease at
Missolonghi, it was ordered by Prince Mau-
rocordato, that all public offices should be
closed for three days, that all the customary
festivities of Easter should cease, and that a
general mourning should take place for
twenty-one days. In alluding to the period
of Byron's illness, the Prince says, " *ἐλα-
μικροί, μεγάλοι, άνδρες και γυναίκες νικημένοι
από την θλίψιν, ελησμονησαν το πασχα* "
" all classes, the humble and the great, male
and female, overcome by grief, entirely for-
got the days of Easter." " His munificent
donations," continues the Prince, " were
before the eyes of every one, and no one

amongst us ever ceased or ever will cease to consider him, with the purest and most grateful sentiments, our benefactor."

Is this the language which the head of a nation would apply to a profligate and shameless libertine, in whose vile bosom life had just ceased to throb? or is it the grateful tribute of affection and respect to shrouded worth!

In our next number we shall, with all due deference and courtesy, tilt a lance with the critic in the *North American Review*; and

"As our cause is right,
So be our fortune in this 'coming fight.'"

A Discourse, delivered in the Middle Dutch Church, New-York, on June 12th, 1825, on occasion of the death of Mrs. Mary Laidlie. By Richard Varick Dey, A. M. Pastor of the Congregational Church, Greenfield Hill, Connecticut.

This excellent discourse has already passed through a second edition, and from its increasing popularity, a third will probably soon follow. In addition to the masterly manner in which the author has executed his oration, (its eloquence deserves this title) the subject is well calculated to call forth the best talents of the speaker, and strong interest of the hearer. The exemplary woman whose death gave rise to this animated and impressive address, was well worthy of all eulogy; benevolent without ostentation, pious without severity, and upright without pride, she was one of the few in whom the mild virtues of Christianity shone in perfection; and the affectionate encomiums which have been bestowed upon her memory, are all founded on the firm basis of truth. The departing hour of such a being is calm and sacred. There are no terrors in its contemplation, no dark recollections of the past, and no fearful misgivings of the future.

We like the style of Mr. Dey's discourse—it is glowing and warm, at times perhaps almost too ornate, but far superior to the dry didactic manner so prevalent with pulpit orators. We cannot understand why he, whose theme is altogether the most important to mankind, should not aim his flight at the highest pitch of eloquence. If the subjects of human passions and human actions permit the author the use of the boldest images and most impassioned language, surely

the great theme of human destiny through eternal ages, may well claim the same privilege.

Mr. Dey's discourse opens in the following manner:

"There is no tie which Death, the great Destroyer, severs for ever upon earth, more endearing in its intimacy—more holy in its nature—more remediless in its dissolution, than that which binds children to an affectionate mother. It is when that loss is felt—when the full sensation of the bereavement first comes home to the bosom of the mourner—when the voice that from childhood sounded so sweetly in the ear, is hushed for ever in the grave—when the eye of love is dull, and glazed in the stillness of apathy—when the lineaments stamped upon the heart, with all its most hallowed associations, are fixed and inexpressive, and have become as the clods of the valley—it is then that the heart-stricken mourner realizes the dreariness—the solitude—the agony of his deprivation.

"Unmindful of the frail tenure of human existence, we float along the current of time, annoyed and wearied with the cares that intercept us in our passage; heedless of the blessings God has provided for us, in the tender attachment of a friend that cannot forget us; until the blow falls, that deprives us of our best earthly comforter; and we pass onward forsaken and alone. It is then that the tear will start afresh, and the sigh break from the heart, as we pause by every spot which her society has linked with memory—every well-known and well-loved scene where childhood sported, or where, in advancing years, her presence encouraged and cheered the development of intellect or feeling—consoled in suffering, or rebuked by its mild and saddened expression, deviations from duty or excess of passion. Her spirit seems yet to linger in those scenes, and a silent voice speaks from them to the heart.

"But alas! 'the spirit is not there!'—nor does the form we loved best on earth, dwell longer within those precincts. The one has gone to God who gave it—the other reposes on its cold pillow, in a slumber so profound, that it will be waked only by the trump of the Archangel! Faithful memory will recall that consecrated image; and in the silence of the night it may stand before the dreaming eye, in some sadly pleasing, 'phantom peopled' vision:—the voice of imagination may summon that form from its sepulchred repose, and her gentle hand may disrobe it of the pale shroud and the faded colour of the grave, and present it to the enraptured eye in the freshness of life, and the brightness of beauty:—but no more on earth can we hold communion with that which we loved so well, and for which we

sorrowed so deeply. The bereaved heart asks of the solitudes—"Where is she!"—and the empty echo answers "Where?"

This is fine writing, and forms an appropriate introduction to the pathetic description of maternal love which succeeds it. In contrast to this endearing and faithful feeling, the writer portrays the hollowness of worldly friendships—

"Where are the friends of our prosperity, when the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, in which we must say—we have no pleasure in them?" When the clouds of misfortune descend, and poverty and want overtake us—when the heart is sick with the unfulfilment of hope, and the spirit droops over its blasted expectations—when the cup of life is poisoned by mischance or guile—when the storm hath no rainbow, and the midnight hath no star—where then are the flatterers of our cloudless skies, and our sun-bright hours? When the schemes of earthly ambition fail, and the hiss of the multitude follows our downfall—whither have they departed? Where is the shadow that attended us, when the sun has veiled his beams? Where are the summer-birds, when the voice of winter sighs in the leafless forests?—Alas! It is but interest—or convenience—or habit—or fashion—that preserves the friendship of mankind. If we apply the test to their sincerity, how often will we find them true to their former professions? Their affection, even if undissembled, is fickle and changeable; for their interests are diverse from ours; their plans of aggrandizement, or their views of gratification may clash with our own; and then farewell to confidence and kindness! Where are the friends of this world, when the mouth of calumny has breathed mildew and pestilence over the promise of our growing reputation?—Where are *they*, when the taint of worldly dishonour has fallen on our heads, and shame, whether deserved or not, has pointed us out for scorn and mockery?—They have gone to worship the rising sun; and left perhaps their former benefactor to pine in gloomy solitude over their ingratitude, and to feel the biting memory of "benefits forgot."

From these extracts our readers will be convinced that in accrediting to the author fine genius and cultivated taste, we are not using the words without their proper and just application.

The London Monthly Magazine contains the following notice of Dr. Percival's Poems. The praise bestowed upon them is merited; but the exception in the last sen-

tence rests on a frail foundation. *Without any drawback*, Percival's poetry will "bear comparison with the most tasteful productions of the mother country." His genius is of the highest order, and posterity will confirm the assertion.

"We have seen many specimens of American taste and genius, but we think this work one of the most favourable. Dr. Percival resides in Connecticut, is still a young man, and was an instance of precocity in his college studies. "The Wreck," "Prometheus," and "The Suicide," are pieces the length of which enables the author to exhibit his powers of description, and display his philosophical principles. The first of these is in the simple but effective manner of Wordsworth; and the author writes like a man of feeling, who has been accustomed to the phenomena of the sea. In "Prometheus," he displays his physics and his metaphysics; but there is a tinge of that religious mysticism which, perhaps, for another century, must be indulged among the descendants of the gloomy fanatics who first peopled New-England, and whose prejudices still restrain the free exertion of American intellect. But for this drawback, the Poems would bear comparison with the most tasteful productions of the mother country."

OBITUARY.

DIED—By the scorn, neglect, and scandal of a generous public, the genuine and legitimate English drama, aged about 300 years. As from the ashes of the fabled Phoenix rise another, so, from the manes of the drama have sprung up a spurious family, whose only merit and claim to life is the great display of mountains, cataracts, raging oceans, thunders, lightnings, storms, guns, inexpressible dumb-shows, and a thousand other such nothings.

As soon as a near and dear friend dies—such is the way of this world!—a stranger soon becomes no more a stranger, but usurps the place, and reigns emperor of the breast which was wont to be the sole domain of the deceased.

It is thus with the old drama—we see thousands crowding to the theatre, and gazing with delight and admiration on the "splendid spectacles," where their former beloved friend used to shine in all the splendour of genius and applause.

Perhaps it may be necessary to give a history of the disease of which the friend

we now lament, died—it is done in a few brief words. The scarcity of histrionic talent, and the little regard our managers have lately shown to bring on their boards the few actors in our country, who are capable of speaking even as well as the town crier.

Suspended animation is sometimes, by the most skilful, mistaken for death. It may be so in this case, and we still have hopes. Were our managers to attempt the proper means of resuscitation, we think it possible, (for nothing is impossible) that the drama might yet live a healthy life for 300 years more. Pray ye, Messrs. Managers, try it.

For the New-York Literary Gazette

THE SENTENCE.

Inscribed to Miss Josephine W****.

I had a vision :—on the shore
Of death's dark stream I lay,
Lull'd by its deep and sullen roar,
Dreaming the weary night away :
When forth from out the swelling wave
Fate rear'd her serpent-cinctur'd head,
Like one escaping from the grave,
With tidings from th' assembled dead.
Her mouldering hand, all gaunt and red,
Was pointed threateningly at me ;
And smiling with sepulchral glee,
Thus in unearthly tone she said :—
On that scroll which the hand of th' immortal hath
traced,
Which the red burning brand of hell's monarch hath
graced,
There is written and sealed the resistless decree
To which angels must yield ; and this sentence to thee :
" Thou hast loved, but in vain, for but horror and pain
" Shall be thine till that love be abandoned again !"
" And thus do I further denounce thee thy doom,
" Thy pathway thro' life shall be shrouded in gloom
" Dark as hell : all thy wanderings shall misery share.
" Thy slumbering be madness, thy waking despair ;
" In thy brain shall be burning, and ice in thy heart
" Till that ill-omened passion for ever depart !"
" Hence ! dark spirit," I cried, " with thy bootless
endeavour ;
" 'Tis vain : I will love her, and love her for ever !"
" Yet hold, didst thou mark the mad roar of the storm ?
Didst thou mark those wild demons in legions that
swarm ?
A more terrible din shall be ever around thee,
And myriads of spirits more direful confound thee—
Dost thou labour for wealth ? thou shalt labour in vain,
Wealth shall fly thee for ever, and mock at thy pain ;
Seek'st thou honour ? disgrace shall be thine in its
stead,
And dishonour rest heavy and dark o'er thy head ;
Aspiring and proud, wouldst thou languish for fame ?
Thou shalt have it—her trumpet shall echo thy shame ;
A tempest-charged cloud shall hang gloomily over thee,
And anguish and sorrow unceasing shall cover thee ;
Unceasing ?—Eternal ! for life's latest breath
Shall bequeathe thy dark destiny changeless to death !"
" Still in vain dost thou rave, all thy power cannot sever
That dear flame from my heart, I will love her for ever ;

And though hell yawn beneath, and the lightnings flash
over,
All scathing and burning, while living I'll love her !"

" One word more, and the *last*—though thy maniac rage
With the spirits of darkness vain warfare would wage,
Canst thou bear, mark me well ! thy *beloved's* disdain,
Will the scorn of *her* eye, and *her* heart give no pain ?
Canst endure that *her* anger should ever pursue thee,
And *her* glance of contempt rankle withering through
thee ?"

Half breathless and fainting, I sunk in despair—
At last, hellish spirit, thou'st wounded me there ;
Yet crush'd and despairing, dark prophetess, know
Even then I can bury in silence my woe ;
All hopeless and secret my passion shall burn,
Nor seeking, nor hoping, nor asking return ;
To life's latest moment my love will I cherish,
With me it shall live, and with *me* only perish.
Then hence ! speed thee hence, with thy bootless
endeavour—

'Tis vain : I will love her, and love her for ever !"

C. T. R.

New-York, Oct. 17th, 1825.

The New-York Literary Gazette.

[Written at Greenbush in the summer of 1825.]

To C G*** V** R*****.

" The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."

HAMLET.

We are seated side by side
By thy father's festal board,
And the goblet's sparkling tide
Is again before us poured.

We have poured that goblet full
To the days of olden time,
When our life was beautiful,
When we both were in our prime.

We have crowned that genial bowl
With the myrtle's sacred wreath,
We have pledged with heart and soul
Friendship fadeless until death.

I have found thee firm and true
Midst the false and hollow throng—
I have found thee of the few
That have never done me wrong.

Thou didst not forsake the tree,
When the spoilers bent it low,
When foul bate and calumny
Feasted on its youthful bough.

Bent, not broken, it hath sprung
Proudly once again in air,
And the cloud that o'er it hung
Is dispersed and skies are fair.

It *shall* flourish—yea, by heaven !
Though a thousand storms assail—
It shall ne'er be scared or riven
By the lightning or the gale.

And the faithless hearts that failed
In the tempests of its morn,
And the craven hearts that quailed
Shall but live in memory's scorn.

Then, ere yet again we sever
I will pledge the days to be,
And renew the vow that ever,
Thou shalt find me true to thee.

That, whatever fate betide thee,
Good or evil, weal or woe,
There is one will stand beside thee
Till his life-blood cease to flow.

* * *

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ADA," and "IRIS," shall appear. Several other communications, of which we have no room to recount the signatures, have taken their flight out of our window, "in tenuous auras." It may not be amiss to state that the *projectile* power was applied by ourselves.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CONVERSATIONES AT DR. MITCHILL'S.

Winter's Bark.

FROM South America, through Major Mitchell, of the revenue department, came specimens of the aromatic bark, found along the Magellanic coast, toward the end of the sixteenth century, by Captain Winter. On account of its spicy and agreeable flavour it was used as a condiment and seasoning for food, and as a mild and palatable ingredient in diet, drinks and decoctions for scurvy and lues. Though it seemed to be nearly allied to the canella in character and properties, it was nevertheless distinguished by the new generic name of *Winterana*, with the specific appellation *aromaticæ*. It was remarked, however, that Persoon in his synopsis denominated it the *Canella alba*, and quotes the *Winterana*, as a synonyme only. It is a fine-flavoured article, and fit to be employed in medicine as well as diet, for imparting agreeable flavour to pharmaceutical and culinary compounds.

Wild Rice of North America. Fausse Avoine—Water Oats.

Class—Monœcia, or one house.

Order—Hexandria, or six males.

Genus—*Zizania*.

Species—*Clavulosa*, vel *Aquatica*.

Grows spontaneously in the ponds and lakes of Fredonia; more especially in Champlain and Michigan. Exquisite specimens have been received from Colonel Leavenworth, at the Council Bluffs, on the High Missouri; and the Catalogue of the New-York Lyceum, of the plants growing for the distance of thirty miles around the city, mentions the one under consideration, as an inhabitant of that region. The curious in-

quirer may consult Lambert's memoir, with a large and accurate engraving, in the seventh volume of the English Linnean translations, page 264. Nuttall, in his standard and classical work, entitled *Genera of the North American plants, &c.* calls it "American Rice." Vol. II. p. 210; and Clinton in his celebrated discourse delivered before the New-York Literary and Philosophical Society on the 4th May, 1814, Vol. I. p. 164—167, Note II. has given an elaborate discussion of the subject.

Samples of the seeds in their native state, as covered by their calyxes and glumes; as stripped of these pericarps, and exhibiting them in the nudity of wheat and rye; and, as farther showing how the grain looked after preparation by aid of hot water, quickened by aid of potash. It was swelled, and burst like maize or Indian corn under the agency of alkaline lees from wood ashes, converting that admirable grain into a form called *succotash*.

PHYSIOLOGY.

TEMPERAMENTS.—THE BILIOUS.

The profoundest dissimulation, and the most obstinate constancy are the most eminent qualities of the bilious. No one ever combined them in higher perfection, than that famous Pope, who, slowly travelling on towards the pontificate, went for twenty years, stooping, and talking for ever of his approaching death, and who, at once proudly rearing himself, cried out, "I am Pope!" petrifying with astonishment and mortification those whom his artifice had deceived into his party.

Such too was cardinal Richelieu, who raised himself to a rank so near to the highest, and was able to maintain himself in it; feared by a king whose authority he established, hated by the great, whose power he destroyed, haughty and implacable towards his enemies, ambitious of every sort of glory, &c.

This temperament is further characterized by the premature development of the moral faculties. Scarcely past their youth, the men I have named projected and carried into execution, enterprises which would have been sufficient for their fame.

If all the characteristics assigned to the bilious temperament are carried to the highest degree of intensity, and to this state is added great susceptibility; men are irascible, impetuous, violent, on the lightest occasions. Such, Homer describes Achilles, and some others of his heroes.

THE MELANCHOLIC.

The characters of Lewis XI. and Tiberius, leave nothing wanting for the moral determination of this temperament. Read, in the Memoirs of Philip de Commines, and in the Annals of Tacitus, the history of these two tyrants; fearful, perfidious, mistrustful, suspicious, seeking solitude by instinct, and polluting it by all the acts of the most savage atrocity. Distrust and fearfulness, joined to all the disorders of imagination, compose the moral character of this temperament. The passage in which Tacitus paints the artful conduct of Tiberius, when he refuses the empire, offered him, after the death of Augustus, may be given as the most perfect model of it. *Versæ inde ad Tiberium preces, &c.* Corn. tacit. *Annal* lib. i.

As Professor Pinel very justly observes, in his treatise on insanity, the history of men celebrated in the sciences, letters, and arts, has shown us the melancholic under a different light: endowed with exquisite feeling, and the finest perception; devoured with an ardent enthusiasm for the beautiful, capable of realizing it in rich conceptions, living with men in a state of reserve bordering upon distrust, analyzing with care, all their actions, catching in sentiment its most delicate shades, but ready in unfavourable interpretations, and seeing all things through the dingy glass of melancholy.

It is extremely difficult to delineate this temperament in a general or abstract manner. Though the ground-work of the picture remains always the same, its numerous circumstances give room for an infinite number of variations. It is better, therefore, to have recourse to the lives of illustrious men, who have exhibited it in all its force. Tasso, Pascal, J. J. Rousseau, Gilbert, Zimmerman, are remarkable, among many others, and deserve, by their just celebrity, to fix our consideration. The first, born in the happy climate of Italy, proscribed and unhappy from his childhood, author, at twenty-two years old, of the finest epic poem the moderns can boast of, seized in the midst of the enjoyments of premature glory, with the most violent and most inauspicious love for the sister of the Duke of Ferrara, at whose court he lived: an extravagant passion, which was the pretext of the most cruel persecutions, and which followed him to his death; which took place towards the thirty-second year of his age, on the eve of a triumphal pomp, which was prepared for him in the capital.

The author of the Provincial Letters and of the Thoughts, enjoying, like Tasso, a premature celebrity, almost on quitting childhood was led to melancholy; not like him, by the crosses of unhappy love but by a violent and overpowering terror, which left, in his imagination, the sight of a gulf for ever

open at his side; an illusion which left him only at his death, eight years after the accident.

The history of J. J. Rousseau, like that of all the melancholics who have distinguished themselves in literature, shows us genius struggling with misfortune; a strong soul lodged in a feeble body, at first gentle, affectionate, open, and tender, soured by the sense of an unhappy condition, and of the injustice of men. Till the time when, impelled by the desire of fame, Rousseau sprang forward in the career of letters, we see him endowed with a sanguine temperament: acting with all the qualities belonging to it; gentle, loving, generous, feeling, though inconstant; his fertile imagination shows him nothing but gay images, and in this illusion of happiness, he lives on agreeable chimeras; but gradually undeceived by the hard lessons of experience, afflicted, in the depth of his heart, with his own wretchedness, and the wrongs of his fellow-creatures, his bodily vigour wastes and decays; with it his moral nature changes, and he may be referred to as the most striking proof of the reciprocal influence of the moral on the physical, and the physical on the moral part of our being. His history is a proof, beyond reply, that the melancholic temperament is less a peculiar constitution of the body, than a real disease, of which the degrees may infinitely vary, from a mere originality of character to the most decided mania.

Zimmerman, early exhausted by study, already a physician of celebrity, at an early age lives in solitude, with an ardent imagination, joined to the highest susceptibility; abandoned to himself, devoured with the thirst of glory, he gives himself up to labour in excess, publishes his Treatise on Experience, and the work on Solitude, so deeply imbued with the colouring of his soul. Forced from the solitude he loves, he carries in to the courts to which his reputation calls him, an inexhaustible store of bitterness and sadness, which political events supervening, brought to greater excess; arrived at length gradually at the last term of hypochondria, he dies beset with pusillanimous fears, worthy of all eulogium and all regret.

FILIAL COMPLIMENT.

A father and son, much addicted to drink,
Sat each quaffing his grog with high glee;
Said the parent, "Why, Tom, thou dost drink mighty deep."

"Though you'll say that you take after me."
"No, father, cried Tom, "I will never say so,
Nor do so, I hope, by St. Paul;
For 'tis certain that if I did take after you,
I should drink scarcely any at all!"

"Nicander, who fain would be reckon'd a wit,
In an epigram once made a capital hit:
From that day to this he still puzzles his brain
To strike off a second as sharp, but in vain.
How often the bee, in its first fierce endeavour,
Leaves its sting in the wound, and is pointless for ever!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ.

From the Edinburgh Magazine

Of all the imitative arts, the histrionic is that in which the fame of excellence is the most fleeting and evanescent. The poet secures immortality in his lays, and the painter on his canvas. The genius of the sculptor is fixed in the marble to which he imparts all the beauties of form, and descends to countless generations, after the hands which directed the chisel are mouldered into dust.

But he who frets his hour upon the stage,
Can scarce extend his fame to half an age
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save;
The art and artist share one common grave.

The names of Garrick and Henderson, those great masters of the scenic art, are now almost as little known to our theatrical critics, as if three thousand years had elapsed since the era of their existence; and, in truth, we who, now-a-days, prate of these matters, form just as inadequate ideas of the peculiar measure or qualities of those excellencies by which Garrick delighted our fathers, as we do of the Garricks and Kembles, "who slumber yet in uncreated dust." We can believe the former to have been endowed with great powers of versatile genius, upon the same evidence on which we believe Queen Mary to have been endowed with great personal charms. All means of comparison, in either case, being alike denied, we must be content with limiting our admiration to those beauties, and to such Garricks, as the present age has produced. The actor may indeed find consolation for the lack of posthumous fame in this,—that while his full portion of honours, with its more substantial concomitant, is decreed him on the spot, and attends him throughout the career of his achievements, the fame of aspirants in the other arts has been too often doomed to wait confirmation from the tardy awards of posterity, long after the ear is for ever deaf to the soothing influence of applause.

We believe our annals record no one who afforded the lovers of scenic exhibition, in the present generation, such general delight as John Philip Kemble—certainly none who, in talents and personal character, accomplished so much towards redeeming the stage from the thralldom of impurity and prejudice, and improving and rendering it at once an intellectual and moral enjoyment. His name and his talents are associated with our earliest and fondest recollections; and memory still lingers with delight on days when the appearance of his name in capitals on the walls of our city, operated upon us like the spell of an enchanter. Then, and until the appointed hour of enjoyment, be-

twixt impatience for, and anticipation of the pleasure awaiting us, we could do nothing, and we could think of nothing but Kemble; business and dinner were alike bores; the table had no pleasures for us comparable with those on the boards of the stage; the strains from the orchestra were unmelodious; and after the prompter's bell summoned up the curtain, each actor's prattle was tedious, until our senses were gladdened by the noble figure of Kemble—as if the genius of old Rome still lingered in our island, surrounded by that halo which the lapse of ages imparts.

Then in Brutus, or Coriolanus, or in Cato, he identified himself with those master-spirits of antiquity, and in imagination carried us to Rome itself. We could have sat for days, and witnessed Kemble perform Coriolanus, in which he reached the very summit of the actor's art. In spite of the ravages of time, he still exhibited this haughty patrician with undiminished energy—his erect chest, haughty lip, and dark rolling eye, beaming forth unutterable things. In personal appearance alone, it was impossible not to admire the noble proportions and majestic grandeur of his figure—the expression of his Roman countenance—the tasteful folds of his classical drapery—the scarlet robe hung over his shoulder, as if it glided in the form which it decked—all in perfect unison, composing a most superb and commanding *tout ensemble* of the human form, and such as Canova might have studied as the *beau ideal* of a Roman. He was worthy of being surrounded with victors, and tribunes, and fasces, and of having crowds shouting around his chariot wheels. He wore the oaken garland, and it became him. He passed under a triumphal arch, and his figure adorned it. With such a combination of all the properties of his art in person, utterance, attitude, expression, and sound judgment, never could the grand conceptions of Shakespeare find a more congenial imagination—never, perhaps, equal powers to embody the creations of his fancy, and exhibit the workings of passions, which writhe, corrode, subdue, or excite emotions of lofty and heroic grandeur, with such sublime and imposing effect.

"We shall not look upon his like again."

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